KIMBALL, CLARK CRAIG, JR.. Why Harry Woke Up and Other Stories. (1971) Directed by: Fred Chappell. pp. 56

This thesis consists of a collection of eight diverse short stories. It begins with an internal controlling metaphor, proceeds to build upon it, and ends when it is externalized, thus causing the dissimilar to appear similar and the collection, an unification.

WHY HARRY WOKE UP
AND OTHER STORIES

by

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APPROVAL SHEET

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WHY HARRY WOKE UP

Harry had so many things he had to begin to be doing if he was to continue doing the other things which he must and finish doing everything he should before he could go back to sleep again that it was time Harry woke up. Just hardly enough time and not enough to sleep late.

Harry had to wake up to turn off the alarm clock and look at his wrist watch on his wrist which he never took off. He had to stretch and wipe his eyes clear. Kiss his wife and yawn. He had to throw back the covers and pull up the shade. Get out of his pajamas and into the bathroom. Get showered and shaved. Get dressed. His wife up. His kids up. The dog up. His morning paper. His morning coffee. Breakfast. Up and about. Around and going.

Harry had so many things he had to begin to be doing if he was to continue doing the other things which he must that he didn't have time to think about what he was doing.

Harry? Harry who? Who is this Harry?

Harry's wife says, "I've lived with that man for twenty years but I still don't know him--sometimes he is an animal in bed, though. I couldn't say why he woke up."

Harry's kids say, "We don't know. We were asleep."

Harry's dog says, "Arf," and cuts some more ZZZs.

Harry? Why did you wake up, Harry? Harry, why did you wake up?

Harry woke up because it was his habit to wake up after sleeping. He heard the toilet flush. He tasted his morning mouth. He saw flowered wallpaper. He smelled coffee. He felt hungry.

Because he couldn't sleep any longer. Something was burning. The kids were screaming. Morning backache. Mucus and phlegm. The sun in his face.

He wanted to. Something good to eat. Childrem's laughter. Dog playing. Wife's hair. Lipstick.

The good people say, "Harry woke up to continue doing the things which he must." To leave for work. To leave for work on time. To catch the bus. To catch the bus on time. To get to work. To get to work on time. To do his work. To do his work on time.

Because of time. The alarm clock in his bedroom. Because of time. The alarm clocks in his children's bedrooms. Because of time. His wrist watch on his wrist. Because of time. His wife's wrist watch on his wife's wrist. Because of time. His kids' wrist watches on his kids' wrists.

On time. The clock on the mantle over the fireplace. The grandfather clock in the hall. The clock in the kitchen among other appliances. The clock in his late model automobile. The clock in the radio. The clock in his head.

Time. The Time Lady in the telephone. The News Man on TV. The Time Tone over the radio. The bus driver's gold and engraved time piece. The church steeple passing. The library tower standing. The bank building blinking. In shop windows advertising. In his office ticking. On his desk clicking. His wrist watch on his wrist which

he never took off and which at times seemed to be in his head.

Harry had just hardly enough time and not enough to sleep late. Harry woke up because of a horrible dream which he didn't have time to forget. Harry woke up because of a wonderful dream which he didn't have time to remember. Harry woke up because he dreamed he was asleep. Harry woke up because he dreamed he was asleep and couldn't wake up. Harry woke up because he dreamed he woke up and he really did. Harry woke up because he dreamed that when he woke up everything would be different but it wasn't.

The good children say, "Harry woke up for no good reason at all or maybe several." To play with his friends. To see what his sister was doing. To go to a birthday party. Because his dog licked his face and jumped up on him. Because he was done sleeping. To get dressed. To ride his bike. To take his wife to the hospital and have a baby brother. To go to a surprise party. To go on a trip. It was his birthday. To meet the school bus. I saw ghosts. His mom made him. To watch TV. The sun was in his eyes. Paper route. To feed his rabbit. Because he thought he'd better.

Harry's wife says, "Harry woke up to finish doing everything he should so he could go back to sleep again. Harry is a bear in bed."

Harry left his office to the sounds of cars and busses and trucks and motorcycles. Bells clapped. Brakes squealed. Horns honked. Sirens screamed.

He walked on the sidewalk to a store where he exchanged an unappropriate item.

He smelled perfume and cigarette smoke. Gasoline fumes and sulphur dioxide.

He didn't think about his job in the Dead Letter Department of the U.S. Post Office.

He burped and tasted his lunch again. He walked to a department store. He saw boats in the harbor and an airplane overhead. A train and a kid on roller skates. He thought of his dog.

He bought a bed in the department store and paid for it in cash. He left feeling tired and irritable.

He caught the bus and arrived home late.

Harry! Wake up, Harry! Harry, wake up!

Harry's kids say, "We don't know--Daddy was asleep." (Harry's kids were awake but Harry didn't know it.)

Harry's dog sighs and counts some more sheep. (Harry's dog is a sheep dog.)

Harry had so many things to finish doing before he could go back to sleep again that he never thought he'd have enough time.

Harry says, "I woke up to have enough time to think about what little time I had. Now I have less than before." Because this is what Harry wanted to remember--that there is so little time for sleep and even less for remembering. Sometimes Harry remembers something without even knowing why or really having the time.

Harry says, "Sometimes all of it makes so little sense that it is like a dream. My dreams make very little sense."

Harry woke up to kiss his wife hello and swing his children around on the front walk and pat the dog on the head with the evening paper in his mouth. To drink a drink and read his mail and paper to quiet music. To enjoy an enjoyable dinner and pleasant conversation. To throw the ball with his son and compliment his wife and

daughter at the dishes. To write afew checks. To watch alittle TV and read the kids to sleep with a well-known story. To sit up awhile with his wife and talk about things. To lock up the house and get ready for bed. To get a back scratch from his wife and maybe make love to her. To kiss her good night and close his eyes. To think about dreaming and forget about awakening. To remember to remember that there is so little time. To set the clock and go back to sleep.

Harry dreams of a wrist so immense that everything he knows of takes place in the space and time it takes for the sweep hand of the immense watch on this wrist to sweep across one interval. This is either very little time and space indeed, or a great deal of both: it is hard for Harry to know for certain in his dream where he is first like a tiny rider on the sweep hand of the watch on the wrist whose hand holds the handle of a gigantic broom which sweeps across with a single stroke all of recorded history past and future, and then, like the owner of the wrist and watch, himself, striding across a carpet so vast that under its distant corners are swept and hidden legends and prophecies which were and will be forever incomprehensible.

Harry dreams of a wrist so immense that all of the metal melted down from all of the watches in the world would not be sufficient to make one razor blade big enough to slash it; one so immense that all of the chromium, platinum and tungsten in the world would be just sufficient to make the sweep hand alone of a watch big enough to fit it without eyestrain.

Harry dreams that he dreams that it is now. An alarming noise is awakening him from sleep and into a

place of unlimited possibility and coincidence. It is not the alarming noise of his wife's, "Harry!" It is not the alarming noise of his children's, "Daddy! Daddy!" It is not even his dog's, "Bow wow!", or his head's clock's, "Tick tocks." It is the alarming noise of the waking activity in his memory's metropolis.

At once, a man and a woman are coupling; no beginners. At 7:00 P.M. on August 14, 1931 in a hospital in St. Louis, Missouri, a time, a date and a place which are no longer of importance, H is being born and is dying at 9:05 A.M., January 5, 2003 in his bed in Chicago, Illinois and ending.

A middling sort from the Mid West.

Is growing, matriculating, graduating, engaging. Fighting, wedding, burying, coupling. Working. Fathering. Moving. Working. Living.

At 19012 Lake St. Wilmette, Illinois for the past twelve years. Wimette Post Office, Wilmette Ave. Chicago, Ill.. The same. From St, Louis to there in '59. October 3, 1955 at four o'clock in the morning at Memorial Hospital. Six in the evening, Memorial, also. September 23, 1958. For six years at St. Louis Central Post Office, downtown division. Shipping. 2132 Elm St. N. around midnight sometime during the month of January. Oak Lawn Memorial Park, St. Louis, Missouri. The morning of May 4, 1954. Father and Mother. Car crash. St. Paul's Methodist Church, Fourth and State. Same town. Early afternoon. The first part of '53. Korea, '51 and '52. Just before then in April in a friend's Ford roadster. '49 at S.H.S.. 3:30 P.M.. Twelve years prior. Until now. The noise is alarming.

Harry dreams that he awakes to an alarming noise. It is the alarming noise of his clock. He turns off the

alarm clock and looks at his wrist watch on his wrist which he never takes off. He can not take his eyes from the face of the watch. It is like his face.

In it is a stretch. A wiping of the eyes clear. A kissing of the wife. A yawn. A place to throw back the covers and pull up the shade. A bedroom. A bathroom. A doorstoop, a kitchen. Streets and busses. Sidewalks and purchases. Office buildings. Banks and churches. Department stores. Harbors. Tracks. Odors and flavors. Sights and sounds. Sensations. Good children and people. Dogs, kids and wives.

There are hands which are attatched by wrists by arms which can not be taken from the body except in war and death. Hands which go around and around as if driven by a heart. A mainspring and a stream of consciousness. Seventeen jewels.

Seconds, minutes, hours, days, weeks, months and even years to point out.

"Excuse me for writing to you, but I have no one else. I have only memories: My Mother and Father. My Sister and Brother. My Wife and Son and Daughter. My Dog. Lost. All lost. Sometimes even my life.

"When I can not sleep at night, I compose letters in my mind.

"I do not expect you to answer this, nor do I want your sympathy--after all, mine is not an unusual story. But I read in the Sunday edition of The Tribune that you read every letter after all else has failed in order to try to get it back on its way.

"This one has already reached its destination.

"Do not think badly of me as you might of some others. I have a keen sense of what is and what is not appropriate. This is not malicious tampering; I am no

practical joker. But you see, there was no one else. No other place. And after all, this is your work, isn't it?

"I am growing old and will soon die. I wanted someone to know. I am horribly afraid."

The noise the watch makes is unbelievably alarming.

INCARNATIONS IN SPANISH HARLEM

Flores means "flowers" in Spanish. The sign over Flores' shop reads "Jardin de la Memoria de Flores" in an intertwined script of Madonna lilies. It can not be translated into English without more information although the lilies are perhaps a clue.

"Jardin de la Memoria" means "Garden of Memory" or "Garden of the Memory." "De Flores" means "of Flores" (the owner) or "of flowers." The sign translates as "Flores' Garden of Memory" or as "Garden of the Memory of Flowers" or as "Garden of the Memory of Flores."

The play on the word "Flores" is misleading, ambiguous. The script of Madonna lilies suggests the last translation, although the empty florist shop suggests the second. Flores' old man who painted the sign is dead. So is his mother and his wife and all those relatives before them. It is this Flores' shop now and perhaps the first translation has too literal a turn of phrase for this most literate Flores. This Flores, this florist, is an educated man.

On the door is another sign which reads "Say It With Flowers" in both Spanish and English. The pun is obvious, intriguing. Across the window is a cluster of three carnations: white, pink and red, beneath which is the florist's saying: "Recuerdete tus amorados con Flores--Remember your loved ones with Flowers." The play on the owner's name is odd; everywhere apparent.

Flores calls me "rainmaker" in Spanish and motions from the doorway of his shop for me to come across the street to him as if he were the wind itself. In San Juan the rain forms rectangles around the cobblestones and only the wind can make it otherwise. In San Juan I would be drinking absinthe and forgetting this damp night. The storm sewers are flooded in Spanish Harlem. There is a mist upon it which makes the night air foul and cold.

"Flores," I call in Spanish as I cross the pavement, "I have a new book for you to read. It is called Life Is Dream."

"La Vida Es Sueno," repeats Flores from the door. "Yes, that is good. It is what the little poppy says," he murmurs thoughtfully. "And the seed of the datura, also. La marijuana. Of many flowers. And plants."

"It is true," says Flores looking pensive and sad. "Give it to me, Angel. Tomorrow I am leaving this place."

I give Flores the book and enter the shop behind him for the last time. He pulls the blind down on the door and the curtain closed across the empty display window as he always does when I come for our friendly conversations. But tonight the shop is dark and damp. The shelves are empty. The flowers are gone. On the wall over the refrigeration unit is Flores' list of flowers. I look up at it as I have often done and smile.

"Flores," I quickly ask, "tell me again: What does the poinsettia say?" Flores looks at me from the corners of his eyes.

"It says," he answers with a scowl, "that the Holy Birth is near. It says that all Creation should rejoice in belief and faith that it will soon die."

I look into Flores' eyes and want to ask him where he is going; the cause of his sadness. But I do not. The

lavender iris says, "Behold me but do not touch me." He will tell me when he chooses to. Flores is an old man. I will outlive him by many years. He is like the century plant which may blossom once in one hundred years.

I wait. Flores looks at me from behind his eyes. "What do you say with the tea rose, Angel?" he asks.

"I say, 'Tea rose, you are so delicate and pure: were you only in the room of my delicate and pure woman who has given me a son today!'"

Flores and I laugh. This is good. This is what I always say with the tea rose. But I have no woman and therefore no son, I am like Flores. I have no place to go.

The shop is musky. A damp draft pulls its way through the place. I am uneasy as never before. Flores is an old man and is soon leaving this place.

"But what does the tea rose say?" I ask.

"The tea rose says, 'Nothing so pure and delicate blossoms in a woman,'" answers Flores. "'Thorns for your trouble but never a woman or son so faithful as my fragrance.'"

I stand absently, thinking. It is true. What the flowers say is true. I will remember this when Flores is gone.

Finally I look at Flores. "Flores," I start, "the book...it is a present." I look away. "To take with you." I think of Flores' leaving. Of a place to go to. Flores, I think, you will tell me where you are going, won't you, old friend? You will tell me in your own way and when you choose to, won't you? This is why I am here. You know this.

"A forget-me-not?" asks Flores with a queer smile.

"Yes," I answer. Flores, for you. "A forget-me-not." Do not forget me my old friend. When you are gone.

"No," says Flores sharply putting his hand on my arm as if the wind could read the rain, "I will not forget you."

"But look there," he says pointing up to the list on the wall. "That is you, Angel. The Angel's Trumpet!" His eyes brighten over a moist surface. "Like the lily," he continues, "but unlike its dream. You dream of life: the rainmaker: Angel's Trumpet!" he says forcing out my name in Spanish emphasis.

I expect him to continue, but he does not. Where is he? Flores, will you tell me? Will you choose to tell me what I have come here on this damp and cold night to know? I know you will because...because I could be...somewhere else! I am uncomfortable, anxious.

"And what of you, Flores?" I ask softly. "Where are you on the list? Who makes the flowers speak?" Is it a dying old man? "What flower is the wind?"

Flores looks away. He is also restless. He does not answer. I wait. Yes, old friend, I expect you to answer. As you may choose, but tell me. You are old and soon will be gone. Answer me on this night which is not fit for dogs.

But Flores is silent. His eyes are quiet. Perhaps he is gone already. I think of Flores' mother in the cymbidian orchid. Of his old man in the Turk's cap lily. His wife in yellow lady's slippers. Of Flores' arms intertwining, his hands as petals, and his face shrivelled and spotted in the dying leopard lily.

Will you answer me, Flores? What do you think I have come for? I have not waited all this time for you to go like this. I could be...somewhere else.

Now Flores looks dead into my eyes. It is coming, I think to myself. This is it. Pointing at me, eyes

fierce, he demands. "Tell me the names of the flowers on the window, what they say and what you say with them!"

Oh, Flores, old man, you do not mean that this is your choice! Is this really the way which you choose? All right, then. I am here and ready.

I look passed him to the cluster of carnations which must be on the window and behind the curtain, beneath which and reading backwards is Flores' saying. I remember the words as if I were reading them from the street: "Remember your loved ones with Flores."

Flores stands behind and through the window of his Memory Garden. He is great and animate. Dozens of voices are speaking.

"The white carnation, or lily carnation: the first carnation, it says, 'Remember me well from the first to the last, for I am special.' With it, I say, 'Remember me well, also, for I am the first and also special.'"

Flores' old man who I do not remember well takes the white carnation from the woman and places it in his button hole. "Rosa," he says, placing a red carnation in her hair, "you are the flower of my heart."

"The red carnation, or Rosa carnation: the second carnation, it says, 'Know only me. I am fidelity.' With it, I say, 'See me plainly for a man although I am the man who loves you wholly.'"

Flores' mother who I do not remember well takes the red carnation from her hair and gives it to Flores.

"The pink carnation, or twain carnation: it is the third carnation and says, 'From two, I become one. Alone, but not lonely. Individual, yet part of a promise.' With it, I say, 'I promise that nothing will ever end.'"

Flores looks into the red carnation as his mother dies. Flores looks into the white carnation as his father

dies. Flores places a Madonna lily in his mother's hands. Flores places a Turk's cap lily in his father's hands. He holds the red carnation and the white carnation. He shouts at them. They turn pink, wither and die, vanish without a word.

The shop is still but for the pulling wind. Flores glares at me. Old man, you ask too much. Your head is too full. He is anxious and his breath comes in quick rasping rushes. "They are just three carnations," I want to say. "Flores, they are just carnations which you have painted on your flower shop window." But I do not. What could I tell this dying old man?

I look up and into his eyes. These are the eyes of the wind. Flores' sad listless eyes. And I think to myself that I know why he has brought me here on such a night when I could be somewhere else. In these eyes is a mute nameless wind. An old man who is leaving this place which he knows; one who will not return.

"Flores," I say quietly touching his arm, "hear the Angel's Trumpet: the dream of life and knowledge. Bear witness. They are three carnations and their names form an holy triumvirate. They say, 'Do not fear, Flores!', as I say with them, Flores, do not fear.

"Above them, entwined, are the Madonna lilies in the Garden of Memory where nothing is ever lost. Your wife, Maria, calls to you from there.

"There, Flores, play among the lilies and make a great and literate sign. The great white calla and the lilies of the valley. The distant Peruvian and the familiar Turk's cap. The delicate water and the majestic Easter. The splendid auratum and the precious speciosum. The delightful orange and the rare rubrum. The fierce tiger and the spotted leopard.

"Play there and leave your sign. Call their names and speak with them. Do not fear. Let them choose among themselves and give you a name as is their way.

"Call me 'rainmaker' in Spanish and I will see your return. I will be drinking absinthe in San Juan on Easter Sunday. Writing floral arrangements for your funeral."

Flores is an old man and soon will be leaving. I will outlive him by many years. Dozens of voices speak in the wind outside and through the streets of Spanish Harlem. The night is cold and damp. The wind makes the rain form into rectangles. The cobbles echo. Families in their homes bear witness, remember faraway places.

Translated from the Spanish. San Juan, 1971.

THE LETTER CONCERNING THE HORSE DRAWINGS

I have located Mary McLean's horse drawings and you will be pleased to learn that none is damaged. I encountered them just as you suggested I might in the trunk in the tack room. I am sorry to have to report that the "old barn" of which you wrote and remembered so well is utterly devastated. The fierce conflagration consumed it and appears to have spread to the adjoining tack room where it gutted it and everything in it, including the trunk. Its contents, however, the horse drawings and certain other memorabilia of Mary McLean's tragically-ended life, were fortunately spared. I have those contents with me now and will forward them at the earliest possible date.

I encountered the horse drawings, themselves, carefully preserved in what Mary McLean called "My Equestrian Scrap Book" with numerous blue ribbons, newspaper clippings and other personal effects. There are some eighteen drawings in all. As you requested, I have carefully examined each and with the aid of information which I gained from certain other contents, I am confident that this much is true:

Mary McLean's first signed horse drawing is reputed by the hand which later inscribed the manilla sheet in fountain pen ink (Her mother's, I presume, as did you) to have been accomplished on the date of her third birthday. The figure represents that of a horse no more than the "signature" resembles a signature. Truly, there is a pencilled figure near the center of

the sheet, but I am of the opinion that it is hardly distinguishable as that of a horse. Similarly, there are two other "scribbles" on the page, one rendered in yellow pencil, the other in gray, either of which could be the "signature", but neither of which resemble one in the slightest. It is therefore my opinion that the horse drawings were initiated at the behest of her mother's aspirations and active imagination, with the young girl functioning merely in innocence, a fairly ineffectual party to maternal prefiguration. This opinion is born out by certain other evidence which I will later cite.

The second drawing, then, reputed to have been accomplished on the day of Mary McLean's fourth birthday, furnishes what must be considered as further proof of the truth in this opinion, for the pencilled figure of the "horse" and the "signature" continue to resemble each other more than they do the objects which the penned inscription, "Mary's horse drawing and signature on her fourth birthday.", would attest (or imagine) to be present.

The same is true of the drawing rendered on Mary's fifth birthday with the exception that various other colored pencils have been employed, especially yellow; the "signature" occupies a different position ; and the message, "Happy Birthday, Mary.", has been added to the penned inscription by the same hand which attested to the preceding accomplishments.

A photograph which I encountered among the memorabilia in the "Scrap Book" should now be mentioned. It is a photograph of a young girl seated upon a saddled horse. I believe it is called an English saddle. The young girl has curly light hair hiding all but the corners of a bow behind. A charming white dress complemented by white stockings and shoes sharply contrasts with what I must

describe as a most stern and dark young face. The girl is holding the reins of the animal as if she were about to commense riding. The photograph is taken out-of-doors. Standing at one side is an older and handsome woman whom I presume to be the young girl's mother. Her left arm is elevated in such a manner as to give the appearance that she is directing the photographer, but with no idea that she, too, is about to be included in the picture. Her right arm is held horizontal to her body and is stationary, the fingers of the hand outstretched as if in an "halt" gesture. A cigarette is held between the ring and middle fingers. I take this to be young Mary McLean, the artist of the horse drawings, and her mother.

An interesting alteration occurs in the horse drawings of Mary McLean's sixth, seventh, eighth and ninth birthdays. The manilla sheet she employs in each is of no appreciable difference in size or texture, nor are the colors more varied despite the substitution of crayon for pencil. The figure, however, in each, does unmistak - ably resemble that of a horse. And similarly, it is undeniable that a signature, if a printed name were to be considered as such, is present--the uncontrolled scrawl of "Mary M.".

The horse drawing of the sixth birthday includes what I take to be a representation of the sun which would fix the location of the red horse somewhere in the air. The "signature" is similarly "floating" over the horse as if it were a rainbow. (Odd!)

The drawing of the seventh and eighth birthdays are each similar. The animals vary in color and proportion, the suns (which are now unmistak ably suns) and "signature" in position, establishing in the former drawing an arrangement where the "signature" "rises" from the sun, and in the latter, one in which the sun "sets" on

the name.

The horse drawing of the ninth birthday is most singular for it depicts not one beast at all, but two: both rendered similarly--hind (Is that the word?) end to hind(?) end and is signed twice, once at the nozzle of either animal in such a manner that it appears that each is actually saying the words "Mary M.".

Each of these four drawings is similarly inscribed by a mature, controlled hand in fountain pen ink which attests that each was accomplished on the day of Mary McLean's sixth, seventh, eighth and ninth birthdays, respectively. The message, "Mary, you will be a horse woman.", has been added to the usual inscription of the ninth birthday drawing. Affixed to this same drawing is a photograph which appears to have aged considerably. Pictured is a youngish (of no determinable age) woman mounted upon a sleek and shining dark horse. The woman wears a dark hat whose brim is slanted sternly to the right and a belted and tailored coat which appears to be of tweed.(?) Her outfit is completed with traditional riding breeches and boots and a stick which I believe is referred to as a switch. She is seated at the animal's reins with ease and poise.

The nine horse drawings of Mary McLean which remain to be described vary greatly in theme. On the whole, the execution is more skilled, with attention being lent to accuracy and detail. The drawings often appear to depict actual scenes, some of which are strikingly similar to photographs and other memorabilia I have encountered in her "Equestrian Scrap Book." The inclusions of cigarette-smoking animals and people strike me as singularly odd. (!)

The horse drawing of Mary McLean's tenth birthday inludes two figures: those of a horse and of a curly haired young woman. The portrayal is, by in large, clear and neat. The young woman wears the traditional riding ensemble which I find most attractive and a floppy hat of some sort. The drawing is executed in brown, gray, green and blue crayon, with yellow being used to depict the sun and the girl's hair, and pink, for the skin pigmentation. The face, however, has been colored gray. The horse is saddled and bridled and appears to be smiling through bright eyes which are accentuated by long eyelashes and with a red mouth from the corner of which dangles a cigarette.

The drawing is signedtwice at the bottom in rather large script and is inscribed with the usual inscription proper to Mary's tenth birthday. Glued across the top of the manilla sheet is a newspaper clipping which reads, "Horses will do anything to escape fire.", as if the wording from the clipping were the title of the work.

Mary McLean's horse drawing which has been attested to have been accomplished on the day of her eleventh birthday depicts two figures which closely resemble each other: two women who I presume to be herself and her mother. Both figures are executed in rather dark crayoned colors. Both wear riding garb. The younger may be distinguished from the older by her yellow hair and is all but faceless as in the previous drawing, whereas, the older woman has bright eyes, is wearing red lipstick and smoking a cigarette. Both women stand at approximately the same height.

This drawing is strikingly similar to both a newspaper photograph which is accompanied by a clipping and

to a personal photograph which I encountered in the "Scrap Book." The newspaper clipping reports that Mary McLean and her pony, Old Butts, were awarded first place in their class for their performances in a jumping contest. (I have the blue ribbon here and will forward it to you.) The caption of the photograph which accompanies the report reads: "Mary McLean and her mother, Mrs. Donald McCloud McLean (Mary Dragg Spencer), after her victory in Junior's Jump Competition, Class C.". The women stand side by side at approximately the same height. Both wear riding dress. The older woman stands poised with a cigarette in her hand. The younger woman's face is turned or hidden, projecting an appearance of embarrassment.

The personal photograph is similar and appears to have been taken just preceding or immediately following the newspaper photograph, for the backgrounds are unmistak ably the same. The older woman is pictured in an identical pose. The younger woman has her hands held to her face and appears to be crying. In any case, she is holding the ribbon which you will soon have.

The subject of the horse drawing of the twelfth birthday is a horse. The animal stands in profile. There is a casual air about it. The signature is fluid although rather large and includes both the Christian and surnames. The horse is smoking a cigarette.

The drawing of the thirteenth birthday is somewhat peculiar. Represented are two horses, hind end to hind end, and a woman at the head of either animal facing it. Each woman smokes a cigarette. Similarly, so does either horse. Small yellow balls are drawn in two places where the cigarettes of the woman and of the horse appear to touch. It is impossible to determine which fig-

ure represents which woman or whether, in fact, it is not the same woman who is depicted twice. I say the drawing is somewhat peculiar because it is signed twice, in both instances with "Mary M." and is also inscribed twice, in both cases with "Mary's horse drawing and signature on her birthday." The numeral denoting which birthday has been omitted.

The drawing of the fourteenth birthday appears to have been directly inspired by a photograph which I encountered in the "Scrap Book." It is unmistak ably a drawing of Mary McLean's mother. She stands handsome and stern out-of-doors and upon a motor boat mooring place which I presume to be the dock at the summer house. She is smoking a cigarette and gazing into the water. It is a most striking and accomplished photograph; the drawing is surprisingly faithful in its rendering.

Among the contents of the "Scrap Book", I also discovered a letter from Mary's mother to her which I trust will be of some amusement to you. It reads in part: "I was down at the dock today, Mary. Your trick of lighting a cigarette and diving off the platform into the lake and coming up with it still lit and smoking is surely missed here. I hope you do not teach that trick to any of the other girls at Camp! I anxiously await your return home and hope you are in good health. (Signed) Your Mother. P.S. So does Old Butts!"

The horse drawing of the fifteenth birthday is unique. It is a most touching drawing which assumes the form of a "get well" card. It was apparently created for her mother who was in a hospital at the time. Depicted on the outside is a large horseshoein which has been drawn a horse's head. The message on the inside says: "Good luck, Mother." It is signed simply, "Mary", in her

large, ambling hand. Her mother has inscribed it with "Mary's combination card and horse drawing on her fifteenth birthday." and has added the message, "God bless you, Mary.".

Mary McLean's horse drawing of her sixteenth birthday appears to have been a self-portraiture. A large head with curly yellow hair is pictured. The face has been completed with bright eyes and red-lipsticked mouth, but has been destroyed and distorted to a great extent by violent and dark marks crossed and recrossed upon it. The drawing is unsigned and uninscribed, no doubt due to the fact that it was accomplished near the time of her mother's death.

It is with this drawing, the sixteenth of Mary McLean's horse drawings, that this report should most probably be concluded, but as I trust you observed, I have included two others, the dates of completion of which are unknown to me. I discovered these drawings at the very end of Mary's "Equestrian Scrap Book."

The first depicts a remarkable scene which must take place on the dock at the summer home. It is drawn as if one were sitting in a motor boat some yards into the lake and looking back towards the mooring. There is a figure of what I presume to be a girl in the water in the foreground. She is smoking a cigarette with a great smile. On the dock is another girl with distinct yellow hair. She is dressed in a swimming suit and is preparing to dive into the water. She, too, smokes a cigarette. Beside her is a woman who is holding a yellow towel and smoking a cigarette between red lips. She is gesturing. In back of her is a fence along which grow bushes and trees. The trees are in yellow blossoms. Between the trees are two horses who stand close together. Each turns his head

inward to the other as they smile. Their cigarettes almost touch in a yellow scribble. The work is unsigned and undated. There is no inscription or title.

The second drawing is executed in intense red, yellow and orange colors. It is a scene of a barn's burning. The flames are consuming the building. Dark figures of horses are escaping from the blaze. A figure stands to one side.

After locating Mary McLean's horse drawings and carefully examining them as you requested, I have come to the conclusion that they were initiated at her mother's prompting. Beyond this, however, I feel that I can say nothing more concerning her short-lived and tragically-ended life, nor of her relationship with her widowed mother. I have attempted to convey to you some of what I have encountered because it will be some weeks before the drawings and other memorabilia can be released and sent to you and many months more before the estate is settled. I presume that until that time this communication will better enable you to answer some of your own questions when you have the actual material for your inspection. Enclosed you will find a recent photograph of the property both here and at the summer house and of the burnt-out barn. (Signed and dated.)

THE FAMILY PROFESSIONAL

My sister has just called me long distance and at no little expense to inform me that Father is thinking of getting rid of his camera. This is something my sister never does, but as she explained this is somewhat of an exceptional situation and all the more so because she learned of it not an hour before and by phone from our sister who is still at home, as yet unmarried, and for the most part, unheard from.

Giving her a chance to justify the mid-afternoon call and the bill which would result from it, I asked my sister, "What do you want me to do about it?" I knew she must have something in mind.

"Celia thought," she answered, "and I think it's a good idea, too," she quickly added, "that you could write a story about it." A story about it? I thought.

"A story about what, Ruth?" I said.

"About the camera and Dad," she answered. "And all of us." I couldn't think what she meant by "all of us." I took a different tack.

"Is that supposed to keep Dad from getting rid of it?" I asked, hoping she would re-investigate her logic.

"It might," she responded, "if you could finish it by Friday. And send it to Mom."

"To Mom?" I repeated. "Why to her?"

"Because Friday is her birthday," said Ruth as if that were the most logical of answers. "And she's the one who wants to get rid of it in the first place."

"And you think," I said trying to reconstruct her thoughts, "that if I write a story about the camera and

all of us and send it to her that she won't want Dad to get rid of it any more?"

"Right! You'll do it, won't you, Ronnie?" she urged in her most older sisterly voice.

"I'll think about it," I said. And that ended our conversation about Dad and the camera and all of us.

"Oh, say hello to Judy," she added, "and give her all our love."

"And you to Bill and ours."

I have long ago given up writing stories for and about the members of my family: it just isn't worth it. First of all, I don't see my family much and especially not enough to write something for them which they would find appropriate, much less something which would make one of its members change her mind about getting rid of an old camera. Second, I don't write about real people and real situations: I have found this necessary to sustain my craft and peace of mind. And especially not sentimental drivel about the role of an old camera in the lives of five members of my family, not to mention my own life. Third, if I were to write something and if I were to send it to my Mother as sort of a birthday present, it would of necessity be a work of irony in which the mother, after long and strenuous efforts to get her husband to dispose of an old camera and despite the protestations of her family, finally does so on the day before her own birthday only to find herself on the following day opening a gaily colored package containing none other than the old camera itself.

Perhaps the thing which I should do is to go out and buy my Mother a camera which would also be acceptable to my Father and include in the package a card to the effect that the first picture to be taken with this

new camera is to be one of the old camera, at which time, it could be disposed of. But perhaps my Mother does not want any camera around the house. This is a possibility which apparently Celia did not inform Ruth of, nor Ruth me; a possibility which in families whose members do not see each other can not be completely and easily dismissed.

It isn't that I could not write any of these stories, it's just that each is like a secret which I as a writer must possess but never tell. For the truth is, it is experiences like those concerning the old camera which have been responsible for my writer's mind. As anyone will tell you, the more literate a writer's experience, the more literate is his writing. This is the very maxim my Father quoted me on the day he bought the camera, saying, "Ronnie, someday when you are older, you will want to remember what things were like when you were younger. But you will not be able to do this exactly so you will become interested in the old photographs which this camera will take. Everyone finds that this is true and especially writers. You will come to realize that this camera is an ever-present, controlling idea in your life's experience."

And that it was, but for a different reason than my Father then suspected. Oh, it is true that I've forgotten many of the scenes and portraits caught by the camera and find a certain amount of pleasure (as do most) in looking back through the snap-shots in order to refresh my memory, but what my Father didn't suspect is that I have never forgotten the ever-present idea of the camera itself in the scenes and portraits of which it was a part: it seemed to design and direct them as much as simply capture them. It was responsible not only for an aesthetic, but also for a distance, an order and a self-consciousness.

The first picture ever taken with the camera was to be a family portrait taken in the living room of a house from which we moved when I was still in grade school and with the aid of a tripod, a flash attachment and a delayed shutter timer.

My Father assembled all of us one Sunday afternoon, some seated, some standing, in our Sunday best, in what must be the design of the classic family portrait. We were grouped around an easy chair in which my Father would seat himself once he had tripped the delayed shutter timer. My Mother stood behind where she was to reach down and extend her arm in order that her hand might rest on his shoulder. My older sister, Ruth, sat on the arm of the chair at what was to be his right, holding our baby sister, Celia, in the cradle of her right arm and my Father's right hand in her left. I was to stand to Mother's right and behind Ruth and the baby holding no one's hand and looking the part of the oldest and only son. Only when we were arranged in these positions did Dad begin to assemble his new equipment.

"'Professional Results Guaranteed,'" he read from the brochure which came with the camera as he held it up for our approval. "Think of the money we're going to save!"

"Think of the money we've already spent!" said Mom. "Family Craft Studio could do it for ten dollars."

"That's not the point," said Dad as he took a box of film from a leather carrying case which had been 'thrown in' to the deal and examined its directions. "In the long run, we'll save and have what will prove to be an invaluable documentation of the family's experiences."

"How long is this going to take?" asked Ruth. Father did not reply.

On his knees, the camera, carrying case with its varied contents, flash attachment and bulbs, tripod and various guides and instruction booklets spread on the floor before him, Dad began to assemble his equipment.

"Let's see," he said to himself scratching his chin and holding the box of film before his eyes. "Outdoors. Sunny. No. Outdoors. Hazy. No. Outdoors. Semi-clear. No." He hesitated, then pulled at his nose. "Honey," he announced shoving his glasses up onto his head, "we've got the wrong film. This should be 'Indoors. Flash.'"

"I guess that's that, then," said Mom. "Do you want me to call Family Craft?"

"No," he said. "There's just something wrong here. The man in the store..." he murmured.

Father sat down with one leg under him and one extended towards us, thinking.

"This can't be right," he murmured at his new equipment.

"Check the thing of the flash bulbs," suggested Ruth giving the baby to Mom. "I'm going to the bathroom." This idea pleased him.

"Ah, of course!" he said as Ruth left and he read the directions on the flash bulb package and began to check them with the directions in his operational manual. "Indoors. Flash," he read aloud. "Use number one bulb." And then from the manual, "Attach 'Professional Flash Attachment' A to camera receiving hole AA." He held up the illustrated instructions for our inspection. Mom had moved from standing behind the chair to sitting in the chair itself with Celia on her lap. I was sitting on the arm in what was supposed to be Ruth's position and minus the

baby. Dad attached the flash attachment and inserted a "number one bulb" in it.

"Now for the film," he announced back on his knees. Turning to the section marked "Operation With Flash Attachment", Father read: "Turn the film type selector knob to 'flash' and you are ready to take professional flash pictures of your own."

"But the film isn't in the camera yet!" he said to the directions.

"Turn to 'Loading Your Professional Camera With Film'," suggested Mother laughing.

Father didn't hesitate. "Yes, of course," he muttered. He found the appropriate section and began reading it as he took first his right arm out of the right sleeve of his suit coat (holding the directions in his left hand) and then his left arm out of the left sleeve of his suit coat (holding the directions in his right hand), until the coat fell on the floor behind him. Mom had shaken off her shoes and was playing with the baby, bouncing her on her lap and holding her hands.

"I think the baby's hungry," she said patting Celia on the stomach.

"Later," said Dad. "We're just about ready," looking from camera to directions and back again. "Ruth?" he called absently. "Where's Ruth?"

"I'll get her," I said.

"No, stay right where you are," said Dad looking up. "As a matter of fact, stand up."

"Is this 'subdued light?'" he asked himself. "Yes. This is 'subdued light,'" he answered, popping open the back of the camera and unpackaging the film. Ruth was back.

"Did I miss the picture?" she asked, throwing herself down at the foot of the chair. "I <u>hope</u> I didn't miss

the picture." No one answered her. The phone rang and Mother got up to answer it.

"Ruth, hold the baby, will you?"

"I'll get the phone, Mom," she said.

"No!" interrupted Father as he snapped the back of the camera closed. "Nobody goes! Let it ring!"

Mother was already up and on her way. "You mean we're all ready for our 'professional portrait'?" she called from over her shoulder. Dad looked straight at me and said, "Don't move." He began to assemble the tripod and screw it into the mount in the bottom of the camera. From the other room came sounds of Mother's laughter. "Yes, we've got the whole outfit!" she cried in an exaggerated voice. "For alittle over $200!" Dad looked up and undid his bow tie. "Never mind her," he said to someone. "How does this 'delayed shutter timer'work?"

Ruth was sitting on the floor in front of me with the baby on her lap. I reached over her for the direction booklet which was lying on the floor between her and Dad. She snatched it up and said, "I'll bet it tells in here." The baby cooed. "Dad," she said, "I think the baby's hungry." Father took the booklet and began to finger through it. He stopped at an illustration and studied it. Then he turned to the camera and pointing to a small button, said, "This is it. We're all ready. This will give us ten seconds."

"Mom, we're ready!" I called.

"No we're not!" said Dad. "Ronnie, sit in the chair where I'll be so I can focus."

I moved to the chair, hitting Ruth in the back of the head with my knee. She turned and punched me in the hip.

"Quit it, Ruth!" I said, "it was an accident."

"Ron, stop fighting with your sister!" directed

Father. "Sit in the chair as I told you." Dad stood up, tripod, flash attachment and camera in hand, and began separating the tripod legs and adjusting them for height. Mom came back in and stood to one side, holding her arms across her middle.

"That was Rosemary Lyman," she said with a little smile. "She says Family Craft is open on Sunday afternoons." Dad did not respond. He was looking through the viewer and adjusting the lens.

"All right. Will everyone please sit as you were before?" Each of us moved back to his original position which had been occupied some forty minutes before.

"Celia's hungry," said Ruth from the arm of the easy chair. "Don't you think we better feed her first?"

"No,"said Dad taking his fountain pen from his suit coat pocket and giving it to her. "Play with this, Celia Bug."

Returning to the viewer, Father made his final check and adjustments. "OK," he said picking up his coat and slipping it back on. "We're all set.'Look at the birdie.' Say 'cheese'."

Wait, dear," said Mom, but before she could continue, Father had pushed the small button on the camera and got himself into the chair as the camera made a ticking noise.

"Get ready!" he commanded from the easy chair as he pulled his coat closed and made to check the angle of his bow tie. I looked straight into the camera and counting, said, "Cheese." Then Father yelled.

"My tie!" he screamed, trying to look at his throat. "My tie's untied!" The camera clicked. The flash bulb flashed.

Reaching around Dad's neck with both hands, Mom began to retie Father's bow tie, saying, "Well, at least we know it works! There! Now you're all ready for your picture now."

Dad got up and went back to the camera where he readjusted the 'delayed timer shutter'.

"All right," he announced hand in air with a professional gesture while the other tripped the small button. "'Look at the birdie!'"

The camera began to tick again as Father got himself back in position and settled, his coat and tie perfect. Then the camera clicked, but the flash didn't flash.

Rising, hands on knees, Dad said quietly, "I forgot..."

"...to change the flash bulb," completed Mom.
I was beginning to feel alittle nervous. Without a sound, Dad got another bulb and replaced the used one with it. He cocked the shutter and readjusted the timer.

"All right," he instructed calmly, pressing the button. Ruth looked quickly back at me, then faced forward as Dad sat down again and Mother placed her hand on his shoulder. I smiled. Dad took Ruth's hand. The camera clicked. The flash bulb did not flash.

"Goddamit," he muttered rising. Ruth looked back at me and smiled. Mom put her hand on my shoulder and gave me an odd look.

Dad was back at the camera repeating the whole procedure once again. "Sometimes if you lick the bulb, dear," suggested Mother.

"Quiet!" directed Dad.

Tripping the 'delayed timer' again and advancing to his position, Dad said, "This is it!" Once again, the camera clicked, but the flash did not flash.

Father did not rise immediately, but bent his head and held the bridge of his nose in thought.

"All right," he finally said, "there is an explanation for this."

"Maybe if you wet the flash bulb," repeated Mom.

"OK. We'll try that. But it's not an explanation."

Slowly and deliberately, Father began to execute the procedure one more time. He replaced the bulb, licking the new one well. He recocked the shutter and readjusted the "delayed shutter timer". He reviewed the portrait through the viewer and made a minor adjustment to the lens as he bent down towards the camera, focusing with the left hand and holding the right ready to push the small button. He looked up and over the camera to us, then back through the viewer. Satisfied, he pressed the small button, holding himself still in position for an instant, then popped up and moved towards the family portrait. There was no expression on his face. He lifted a finger as if to warn us, "Make ready!", as his foot caught and tripped the forward most leg of the tripod. The camera and flash attachment went down with a click and a flash. Dad never made it to his position.

The first photograph ever taken with Father's camera is a classic family portrait. Ruth, the oldest daughter, sits on the arm of the easy chair looking down at her baby sister on her lap and holds a fountain pen, the other end of which is in Celia's mouth. Mom stands behind the chair, one hand on Dad's shoulder, her head bent forward and down towards him, the other hand outstretched and held across Dad's throat. Father sits in the easy chair, an expression of alarm on his face, clutching at his tie. I, the oldest and only son, stand behind and to the side, smiling as if to say, "Cheese.", and looking straight into the camera.

It is extremely possible that Mom does not want any camera at all around the house. I can understand this if it is the case because she has never shown any faith in amateur documentation of any sort.

Similarly, I can also understand why Celia and Ruth might possibly overestimate my powers as a writer in their haste to enlist the aid of a professional design and direction: they must believe that these things really make a difference.

But what I can not understand is how Father is to maintain his semi-professional amateur status without his camera. (And a newer and better camera would be as bad as none at all.) There is just no possibility.

Granted, he has never taken the "professional quality" photographs which were promised, nor has he succeeded too far with the family in his amateur and candid work (most probably because the family refuses to be caught by its husband and father), but he has succeeded in so far as the camera has captured and taken him: I know that his life's experiences have never been secrets to him and have ordered themselves at his fingertips with only the most mild forms of resistance. I know that I could readily write his story if I thought that there were non-fictions. But I will not.

In fact, I don't think I'll do anything at all about my sister's phone call. The old camera will remain in a drawer somewhere and a witty and ironic card will suffice for my Mother's birthday.

PATCH-EYE THE PIRATE IS DEAD

Maybe I was wrong; I don't know. I wanted him to understand what he did, so I punished him--he couldn't even tell me why, that's what got me the most.

A kid in the neighborhood lost an eye and wore a patch to cover it up. It wasn't an accident or anybody's fault or anything like that. It was disease: they caught it and cut it out.

The kid didn't seem to mind too much, but his parents did. They kept him home most of the time. He was young and learned to play pirate. He built a ship in his backyard: it had a plank to walk, but there was nobody except him to walk it. He had a treasure chest in his garage and a black bike with a pirate's flag on the handle bars.

My son didn't have a bike then. Sometimes he'd go over to the boy's house and sit on his bike. One day, he was just sitting on the bike when he pushed off and started to ride--rode a bike for the first time--just like that. He fell off at the corner and the bike hit the curb and turned the handle bars and broke the flag.

The kid didn't care so much: his ship was bound for foreign lands, full of booty. His mother called my wife and she told me. And I punished him that time, too.

He said he wanted a bike of his own, so I gave him one. I told him that it was a privilege which could be taken away and he rode it up and down the block, up and down. I told him to obey the safety rules so he wouldn't lose his privilege. He was pretty good about it.

That fall, the kid up the street died. He

poisoned himself with some pirate's rum he found in his basement. None of the other kids seemed to miss him. "Patch-eye the Pirate is Dead," my son scribbled on the sidewalk in front of his house. He made it look like a flag. The boy's mother saw him. I don't know if he understood what he did. I asked him why he did it; then I had to punish him.

I hung a chain over a beam in the garage and looped it through the front wheel of his bike so it hung off the ground. I locked the chain and put the key in the box on my dresser.

He sat on his bike and swung back and forth. He looked at the wheel and fingered the lock. He pedalled forward but the chain swung him backward.

He came into the house to look for the key. He looked in the kitchen on the key rack; in the basement on the work bench; then in our bedroom.

In the box on my dresser, he found cuff-links. Shoelaces. My old watch and a pen knife. Tie-bars and matches. Pencil leads and papers. A Veteran's Administration card, my lieutenant bars and a silver star. A key tagged "Army trunk" and another, "spare lock." He took the key.

In the basement beneath the work bench he pulled out my old trunk and read my name on the top. He felt the name with his fingers. He put the key in the lock and turned it. It opened. He unlatched the snap-locks and pushed the trunk open.

He has never come to me. He has never asked me. I have sold the hand guns and dress daggers to a collector; the luger was a treasure. He has learned what a mine flag is somewhere else; has seen medals from another war. He took the skull-and-cross-bones Panzer ring. Everything else is gone. His bike is in the garage.

THE LIFEGUARD

The Negro garage man in the apartment where he is a lifeguard intercepts him in the garage between the pool and the elevator to put the squeeze on the white youth. "I seen you," he says, "with that girl in there." (The daughter of a certain tenant seen with the lifeguard in the storage room off the garage corridor which leads to the pool out back.) The garage Negro folds his wrist into his hip. The other hand strokes at his chest above his shirt opening. His head rotates smoothly from left to right and back past the lifeguard's sunburned face as his eyes settle on the oil slick floor. "See," he murmurs, "I had this heart attack 'while back." He pauses and lifts his head with a nervous smile, rubbing his chest. "And I can't work so hard now. See?" He looks away again, flicking his nose. "So you going to have to give me five bucks."

The young lifeguard is silent. He looks at the oval name tag on the Negro's white shirt. The boarder is red. The name "Jerry" is written in red script. It is raining outside; the pool is closed. The lifeguard does not expect this kind of thing. On days like this he expects to work together with Jerry at various jobs around the garage. "You want me to give you five dollars," he repeats, gesturing toward the storage room, "because you saw me in there with a girl?"

"Dat's right. Girl in 1008. Yesterday," says the Negro. "I seen you."

"I wasn't in there yesterday with her," states the white boy.

"Yes, you was," smiles the garage man.

"It was somebody else," explains the lifeguard. "Not her."

"You mean to tell me," asks the Negro, peering into the white boy's face, "that it wasn't her but dat it was you?"

"Oh, it was me all right, Jerry," admits the boy. "But it wasn't the girl in 1008."

"It wasn't, huh?" repeats the garage man, scratching his chest. "Well, I thought you two was friends," he says, pronouncing the word "friends" with a drawn-out slur. "What's dat little girl gonna think, you in there with somebody else?"

The lifeguard realizes his mistake. He is silent, thinking. The Negro garage man makes a smacking sound with his lips. "Five bucks," he says.

"I'm not going to give you five bucks," answers the lifeguard, "just because you saw me in there with someone." He was beginning to feel the squeeze.

"Yes, you are," smiles the garage man. "I seen you two. Or I'll just be having to let some people around here know about you."

"What did you see?" asks the boy.

"You know," replies the Negro. "You oughta know."

"But we didn't do anything!" protests the lifeguard.

"That's not the way I seen it," smiles the garage man. "No sir, that's not the way it was, now was it?"

The steady sound of rubber tires on cement comes from the entrance to the garage. The man and the boy look up.

"They won't believe you, Jerry," the lifeguard insists.

"Girl in 1008 will!"

"No, Jerry," says the white boy. "Nobody's going to believe you and I'm not going to give you any money."

The garage Negro smiles, watching the car draw closer. "Oh yes you are."

"If you needed money I'd lend it to you," says the boy, uncertain as to whether he shouldn't have said "give." "But now," he continues firmly, "I'm not going to give you anything!"

"You're not?" asks the Negro in mock surprise. "Oh yes you are!" he insists as a white cadillac pulls up and idles smoothly in front of them.

"How are you today, Mizz Huxtable?" asks the garage man, opening the door of the cadillac and standing to one side in order to help the old woman out.

"I'm fine, Jerry," she answers, swinging herself out and getting up with the Negro's assistance. "There're some packages." The old woman turns back towards the car as the Negro reaches in.

"Hello, Mr. Huxtable," he says to the old man across the front seat. "I'll be right around jus' as soon as I get these packages for Mizz Huxtable."

The old woman and her crippled husband do not swim. The lifeguard has tried to get them to come down to the pool but they resist. The encounter is unpleasant, almost bitter. The lifeguard rarely sees such tenants. The younger ones--the understanding ones--he sees: they are his friends. "Hi, Mrs. Huxtable," he says. The woman answers distantly.

As the three pass him and move toward the elevator the Negro garage man whispers in his ear. "Five bucks," he breathes, and continues with the Huxtables. Jerry washes their car twice a week and makes good tips running their errands and seeing to them. "No need for a wash today, huh, Mizz Huxtable? It's rainin' out. Everybody inside. Even the lifeguard. He'll probably jus' go to that little room of his and fiddle around 'til he can open

the pool again. Rain won't spoil dat bridge game with your friends, will it?"

The three move away from the lifeguard and into the elevator. Under his jeans the lifeguard's suit is still damp. His sweatshirt keeps his chest warm. He moves across the garage to the storage room off the corridor leading out to the pool. The room is provided for the storage of pool supplies--chlorine, Ph, chemicals to clear the water and to coat the filters, brushes, hoses, detergents, and other paraphernalia. It is damp and dark. Cast-off lounges, broken equipment, torn sun umbrellas and lost clothing and towels lie about the room. There is an old card table with a few chairs and a sort of cot. The young lifeguard enters, closes the door behind him, and seats himself on the cot.

This is his second summer as a lifeguard here. He has many friends in the apartments. They are the people who come out to swim. In the summer, the pool is the gathering place for these people. He has guarded them and kept them from harm. He has taught them and their children and their grandchildren how to swim. He holds classes on artificial respiration and life-saving. He enforces rest periods and supervises organized water games. He is expert in his duties and well-liked. The pool is a pleasant place to be because of him. People bring him food and cold drinks. They talk to him and seek his opinions. They offer him jobs upon his high school graduation, and often give him big tips. He performs his duties in a cheerful and friendly manner. These people will not believe the Negro garage man.

If I had done something, thinks the lifeguard to himself in the storage room, then maybe I would give him the money. But I didn't do anything. This is blackmail, he muses, pure and simple, and I didn't even do anything

wrong. Nothing like this has ever happened to me before.

That night he will repeat for his father, a lawyer, the day's events. He will tell him what he did about the Negro garage man's blackmail. His father will not be alarmed; he will understand that this is the manner in which his son chose to deal with the situation and will approve of his son's self-defense and the life's lesson. "I just don't want that guy to come driving out here," he will add, "and looking for trouble."

"No, there won't be any trouble, Dad."

The young lifeguard rises and leaves his room, crossing the elevator to the lobby and walking to the main desk where he asks to see the apartment manager. In order to head off trouble, he tells the manager what has happened.

"Well, I can't do anything about it," responds the manager. "We'll have to call one of the management representatives from the downtown office and get him to come out. They do the hiring and firing and disputing." The manager looks at the lifeguard as though he were talking about another planet. "Jerry might lose his job, you know," he says thoughtfully. The boy considers this. "Is that what you want?" the manager adds. The boy does not answer. "Look," the manager finally says, "why don't you just drop it where it is? I'll talk to Jerry and it will be over and done with. He's just a little out of line because he thinks he can take you. Now he'll know he can't."

The lifeguard thinks of all the times he has seen the garage man "taking" people, his hands always ready to accept something while his mouth and manners make it possible. It's not like the swimmers' giving things to me, he reasons. I am given to: Jerry takes. I have friends who don't have to pay for what they get: they are good people. They want to give. Jerry is a parasite: he is a dirty nigger and is responsible for this himself.

"No, I can't drop it," says the lifeguard. I have to protect myself."

"But the man might lose his job!" the manager repeats. "Do you know what that means?"

"I can't help that," answers the boy, unyielding. "I'm sorry, but maybe he should lose it. Call the management representative."

It is still raining outside. The pool remains closed. The tenants play bridge and drink. The lifeguard returns to the elevator and descends to the garage. He moves across the cement floor and past the area where the cars are washed. There, he encounters the Negro leaning against a dark Imperial, drinking a Coke.

"You want a soda?" he asks the white boy. The lifeguard says nothing. You dirty nigger, he thinks to himself as he passes. You're going to get it! And it's your own fault: I was your friend.

The lifeguard continues walking. "Hey!" shouts the Negro. "Ain't you gonna help me wash this car? It's rainin'!"

"Who'd be crazy enough to pay you to wash their car when it's raining out?" the boy answers over his shoulder.

An hour later the boy is called to the manager's office. A man who identifies himself as Mr. Kincaid, the management's representative, is sitting in the manager's chair behind the desk.

"Mr. Brooks has told me what happened," he says. "Now tell me yourself in your own words."

The young lifeguard repeats the account of the incident with the garage Negro. The management representative is especially interested in confirming that the girl in the storage room was not a tenant's daughter. Once he

has done this, he does not seem interested in her anymore. "We will leave her name out of this for the present," he says in a serious and business-like manner so unlike the speech of the people around the building.

"Did you give him the money?" he asks the lifeguard.

"No, I did not."

"Why not?"

"Because I didn't do anything."

"But he did ask you to give him five dollars?"

"Yes he did," says the lifeguard.

"What exactly was the money for?" asks the management representative.

"He said if I didn't give him five dollars he would tell the tenants about me."

"Is that exactly what his words were?"

"I think so," replies the lifeguard.

"What was he going to tell about?"

"About having a girl in the storage room."

"What words did he use?"

"Well, he was talking about the girl, then he said he would tell them about me."

"Them?" repeats the representative.

"The tenants."

"All right," the representative says at last, "you didn't give him any money?"

"No," answers the lifeguard.

"Was there anybody else present or did anyone see or hear you?"

"The Huxtables," responds the lifeguard.

"What?"

"Well, they weren't there, but they came into the garage and saw us at the end."

"Could they verify your statements?"

"No."

Mr. Kincaid rises and crosses to the door to the office

which adjoins the main desk, mail room and switch-board. He opens the door and calls to Mrs. Fall at the main desk. "Mrs. Fall," he says, "would you call Mr. Williams in please?" He closes the door and returns to his seat. He is distracted.

Outside it is still raining. It doesn't look like it will let up in time for the pool to be opened after dinner and in time for the business men to come down for their evening dips before going out or settling down at home. The lifeguard sits in his sweat shirt and jeans thinking about this. He resolves never to have another girl in his room even though he didn't do anything this time--just to be safe. No one has said anything so far about the rightness or wrongness of doing this in the first place. He guesses that something about that will come after this thing is taken care of and the garage Negro gets what is coming to him.

In a few minutes a knock comes on the door followed by the door's opening and Mrs. Fall's saying, "Mr. Williams is here to see you."

Mr. Kincaid remains seated as the lifeguard turns to face the blackmailing Negro. In walks Mr. Robert Williams from the eighth floor. The management representative rises quickly and says, "There must be some mistake here. I asked Mrs. Fall to call Mr. Jerry Williams from the garage." Mr. Williams turns and leaves without a word. He has never met any of these management men before and does not want to start now. He is an excellent swimmer, a retired Navy man.

Mr. Kincaid leaves the room and speaks to Mrs. Fall. "I didn't know there was a tenant by the name of Williams here," he says. "Oh yes," says Mrs. Fall. "For over twelve years."

When Mr. Kincaid returns he is followed by Jerry Williams, the garage Negro, who stands beside the life-guard as the management representative seats himself at the desk.

"Mr. Williams," begins the representative, "what happened this afternoon between you and Mr. Hopkins here?"

"Sir?" replies the Negro, leaning forward.

"Did you ask him to give you some money?"

"Oh, no, sir," answers the man, pulling at his ear and looking down.

"You didn't ask him for five dollars?" asks the man behind the desk.

"No sir. I didn't ask him for no money."

"Then, what happened?"

"What do you mean, 'what happened,' sir? I been workin' in the garage all day," says the garage man, rubbing his chest and smiling.

"Mr. Hopkins says you asked him for five dollars and told him that if he didn't give it to you, you were going to tell the tenants about something which happened in the storage room. Is this true?"

The garage man stops smiling. He shakes his head, saying, "No, sir, that ain't true. I didn't ask him for no money. He must be mixed up."

"Did you see Mr. Hopkins with a girl in the storage room?"

"Sure I did. But he always has girls in there with him. But I didn't say nothin' about it. It ain't no business of mine."

"You didn't ask him to give you five dollars in order that you wouldn't say anything about it to anyone?"

"No sir. No I did not."

"Who was the girl?"

"Well, I thought that it was the little girl up in 1008, but he says it wasn't her at all."

"Who was it, then?"

"I don't know."

Here, Mr. Kincaid pauses. He looks at the lifeguard and shakes his head. The lifeguard holds his lips tightly closed and shakes his head violently. Mr. Williams rubs his chest. "All right, Mr. Williams," begins the management representative again, "you say you did not receive any money from Mr. Hopkins. Is that right?"

"Yes sir."

"And you say that you did not ask Mr. Hopkins for any money, either. Is that right?"

"Yes sir."

"Then you may go."

The garage man turns around and leaves. The management representative looks seriously at the young lifeguard and shakes his head. "Why didn't you give him the money?" he asks.

"Why should I?" replies the lifeguard earnestly.

"If you had," says the man behind the desk, "then he couldn't very well deny it, could he?"

"But I didn't do anything wrong," insists the boy.

"But he couldn't very well deny it, could he?" repeats the man.

"He denies everything else," the boy replies.

Outside the rain is still falling. The pool remains closed. Down in the garage the Negro is washing cars. Above, the tenants in their apartments are getting ready for dinner. As the lifeguard walks through the garage the garage man says, "Why don't you go pull that white caddy over here, boy? Mizz Huxtable says I'm goin' to wash it and you're goin' to help me 'cause it's rainin' out." But the white boy does not hear him. He continues to walk, moving across the damp garage past the storage room and out behind the building where he ascends the guard's chair beside the pool and sits.

BINOCULARS

In the late fall the Port of Cleveland on Lake Erie prepares to shut down its shipping operations. The international ships flying foreign flags come down the Great Lakes--from Superior to Huron, through Michigan to Erie and out Ontario for the last time--and do not return until spring. They pass Chicago and Detriot, Cleveland and Buffalo, and through the locks into the St. Lawrence Seaway heading East to the Atlantic and ports of call throughout the world. By December, the Great Lakes are jammed with ice packs and dangerous floes: the shipping season has ended.

The inter-lake freighters and tankers calculate to make their last runs just before this freeze. They come down, lying low in the water, carrying the last shipments of raw materials--coal, oil and iron ore--to the industrial ports all along the Great Lakes, then head back up the water ways for their fleet bases where they moor and endure the winter, frozen in the ice.

Like migratory water birds, the ships do not return until the following spring. Those which can not leave or are trapped by early freezes sit out the winter wherever they are caught and wait for spring. The Coast Guard cutters and breakers, the detonation of dynamite to release the packed ice, are of little use when the locks and harbors finally freeze solid. The Port of Cleveland--the international and Great Lake port--becomes one no more: it is closed to the sea-going world.

Even after World War II there was talk up and down the industrial ports of the Great Lakes of aerial attacks by foreign enemies. For this reason, or perhaps for this reason, civilian observation stations manned largely by housewives and retired people were established along the shore of the Lakes for the purpose of providing vantage points from which the skies could be observed. My Mother and I manned such a station.

It was a shack isolated on a cliff on Cleveland's West Side and overlooking Lake Erie. It had windows on all four sides. Around the inside of the four walls below the window sills was a table. Above the windows were colored illustrations of every known type of enemy aircraft as they would appear to an observer from either below or to one side. On one section of the table was a radio set and microphone, in front of which was a book for logging all planes that were spotted.

When a plane was sighted, the observer radioed Cleveland Hopkins Airport for domestic flight paths and schedules: friendly aircraft was verified. I don't remember our ever sighting any aircraft on our Saturday morning watches which was not explained in this manner. I wonder now as I remember if my Mother wasn't disappointed after months and months of persistent observation: the enemy never appeared. The only unscheduled and unidentified flights we observed from our perch over Lake Erie were those of birds.

I was soon bored the first time we manned the station: we didn't see much of anything. We left home at dawn Saturday in order to start our watch which ran through mid-afternoon. It was late fall and I had worn a sweater and brought along some pretzels to eat. I spent the day,

cold and hungry, studying the illustrations of enemy aircraft. They reminded me of diagrams of birds which appear at the beginning of field guides to bird watching. I remember thinking how remarkable it was that the Germans had a plane which looked like a duck in the book my Mother checked out of the library for me. I remarked about this to her and was told about aerodynamics--something she had learned as a SPAR, the women's division of the Coast Guard, when she was stationed off Charleston, South Carolina to monitor air traffic along the Southeast Coast during World War II.

By the next time, I was ready to stand our watch with a field guide to birds which I had borrowed from the library with my own card, a pair of binoculars, borrowed from my Dad and taken from the enemy in North Africa, and extra food and clothing.

That fall and winter while first generation Americans turned out steel and automobiles from the stock piled raw materials in Cleveland's ethnic neighborhoods, I observed and logged water birds on the cliff overlooking Lake Erie as my Mother scoured the skies for enemy planes and told me stories about her relatives who had steamed across the ocean from the "old country" three generations ago. I learned about Arctic terns, Canadian geese, and a duck called an "Old Squaw" and about the Port of New York near which was a German community where my Mother was born and in which her people still lived, but to which she would never return. She had "given them up" she told me.

One Saturday afternoon in late winter after we ahd finished our watch, Mom and I took the bus home because my Father could not pick us up in his car as usual. We boarded and sat behind the driver in a seat which faced another like it across the aisle. I had my binoculars around my neck and my log and bird books in my lap. Mother

was excited because the airport had patched her through to a pilot who had known my Father. There were few people on the bus and Mom talked animately. We had nearly half a bag of pretzels which we ate while we talked. As we neared our neighborhood, the bus stopped and a woman and a young boy, like myself and Mom, got on. The woman paid their fare with coins from a small leather change purse which she took from a larger purse which she kept in a paper bag inside a bulky string bag. They took their seats across from us: her son to my Mother and me to her. When she sat down, I saw that the other woman was older than Mom although her son seemed to be my age. She wore a heavy gray coat with flower buttons and a multi-colored babushka. She looked like Mrs. Liptack, the woman who came to our house twice a week to help Mom with her housework. I looked at the boy as he looked back at me, eyeing especially my binoculars. The other woman smiled, then said something to her boy and then something to my Mother which I didn't understand because I think it was spoken in Hungarian. Then Mother said hello to them and pointing to me, said, "He's nine, too. My son." The other woman giggled and her boy looked eagerly at me with his large dark eyes. Mom began eating pretzels again, offering them to me as she talked: but I wasn't hungry. I let my head fall against her arm and listened to the bus' noises, hidden from the other boy and his Mother. Mom reached over and pushed my hair back, saying, "All day, we've been looking for planes in the sky." This made the other woman giggle again. "I work," she replied, making an up and down gesture with her hands in fists before her. Then my Mother made a funny buzzing noise and offered the boy some pretzels which, after his mother said something, he reached for, took and slowly ate, observing me all the time. His mother

also had a pretzel. Mom held one up for me which I eyed, then moved my mouth around, retrieved and sucked. I taste the salt again as I remember it. I wonder if my Mother has forgotten?

Mother and I continued manning our station on Saturdays throughout the winter until spring came to the Port of Cleveland and with the help of the Coast Guard and dynamite, the ice jams were released to allow the ships to return. On Easter Sunday, I found a small live duck in my Easter basket, no doubt due to my recent interest in birds. I kept the duck all spring and feeding it, observed its growth. Mom and I continued our watches until school was ready to let out for the year and Dad announced that we were going to fly to Florida for a vacation. This prospect brought me great delight and day dreams of silver air ships shaped like ducks which would carry us to this far-away place while observers below identified and verified us.

The week before it was time to leave, Dad gave the duck to Mrs. Liptack just as Mom gave her grease with which to make soap. I thought she would take good care of it. She put it in her string bag. Once Dad helped her write a letter on his legal stationery to her sister who lived in Czechoslovakia and wanted to come to Cleveland because of the Russians. Mrs. Liptack's sister sent us some crystal glass.

In June when school let out and the Port of Cleveland was busy with traffic feeding the blast furnaces and supplying the residents with goods from around the world, Mom and Dad and I took a taxi to Hopkins Airport. There, we boarded a silver turbo-prop plane which carried us to Florida. It was when the birds were going the other way.

In Florida, the skies were clear and the weather was hot. I got sunburned and swam in the ocean behind a

pink motel while ships steamed by. I studied the pelicans through my binoculars.

One day, Mom said, "Let's visit Uncle Jack." Uncle Jack, she explained, was her uncle who had moved from New York City. "I haven't seen him since I was a girl," she said. Mom called ahead to tell them that we were in Florida and that we were coming to visit them and Dad rented a car in which we drove across a causeway and away from the hotels and motels to a place which was not near the ocean and was surrounded by brown dirt and small palm trees. We drove up a street beside a canal. It had green things floating on top and white and brown ducks swimming in it. Dad stopped the car in front of a small white house which looked like it was made of plaster. There was a hand cement mixer in the dirt yard in front of it. Two kids stopped what they were doing to stare at us. The two more kids came out of the front door, followed by a man in a tee shirt and a woman with another kid hanging around her leg. They all came over to the car and looked in through the windows. I observed them on the other side: the man did not look like my Mother. Mom got out and took Uncle Jack's hand. "Gracie!" he shouted, hugging her. "Gracie!" He was shorter than my Father. He shook his hand and said, "Come in! Come in! We've got some beer and stuff!" A little girl came up to me and asked, "Are you my cousin?" Then she turned to her sister and brothers and yelled, "They're here! Just wait!"

Mom and Dad were talking with Uncle Jack and his wife who wasn't talking that much. They walked to the house and in. I stood in the yard with my cousins. One was trying to look through my binoculars which were hanging around my neck. Another took my hand and pulled me forward towards the house. "Just wait!" he promised.

Inside, the house was empty. There wasn't any furniture. There weren't any curtains or carpets. The kids ran

me around the place, pointing out which was their bedroom and which was for the TV. Then they all gathered around their father. "Can we now?" they shouted. "Can we now?" Everyone was still. My Father and Mother had cans of beer in their hands; Uncle Jack and his wife had beer. He looked at his kids and asked, "Are you being proper hosts and hostesses?" They all screamed, "Yes!"

"OK," said Uncle Jack, slapping my Father on the back, "Now!"

Someone took my hand and pulled me across the room to the corner. Another opened a door. It was a closet. An empty closet. "Dad, help us!" they shouted. Uncle Jack put his can of beer down on the floor and came over to us gathered at the closet door. From the shelf which was too high for any of them to reach, he took a tray on which were cupcakes. Handing them to the biggest boy, he said, "Mind your manners--guests first." Everyone shouted approval. "And there's juice in the ice box."

Flying back to Cleveland, I felt funny. Just as we took off and were circling the sirport, I remembered my binoculars. Mom said that I could mention this to Uncle Jack when I wrote a thank-you letter and that he would send them to me. I looked out the window and down at the tiny houses arranged in rows arounf blocks and between causeways and imagined one of those kids looking up at me through my binoculars. I imagined that he could probably make out my face and see that my eyes were large and dark like his.

GREEN PANATELLA

The night of his execution, Che was taken from the frontier compound to the adjoining clearing where his hands and feet were unbound for the first time in many days and he was allowed to move his arms and legs about in vigorous motion. "I am free again, now!" he smiled with flashing teeth between his beard's darkness. "There is my last wish of a cigar to smoke?"

"There is," replied the Federal General, fulfilling the request and lighting a green panatella with a match struck against Che's beard. "But tell me, since it can no longer be of importance to you: do you still deny your crimes?"

"I do!" answered Che immediately, emanating heavy lung smoke. Stabbing the General time and time again in the eye with his cigar until he had killed him, Che repeated, "I will never kill again!"

As the bullets left the barrels of the firing squad's rifles, which were stationed along the dark periphery and directed at his head and body, and travelled toward him, Che was possessed with one thought: Will the Revolution live?

The story is retold by the people from Caracas to Tierra del Fuego and back again; from Quito across the Andes and down the Amazon to Marayo; by mothers to their children in whispers; among old men who wink their "saluds" to each other; to young girls by their dandies: How the bullets never reached their Che: How he still lives as do his deeds.

The Federal Governments have countered this story with a rumor of their own: It is said that in the frontier of the mountain jungle, the Revolutionary stands, a lunatic: immobile and alone: transfixed beneath the moon. He is denied activity of any sort except that of a lunatic's thoughts. The memory and longing for his past deeds bring tears to his eyes, and the dream and desire to continue, sorrow to his heart. <u>This is the way all enemies of The People will end</u>!

But the people do not believe this rumor. There is a song which they sing when they are among themselves:

Yesterday and Tomorrow, Che,
la, la, la.
the Moon's Present of a Cigar!
la, la, la.